... THE ... RED BADGE

OF COURAGE. An Episode of the American Civil War.

BY STEPHEN CRANE,

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CHAPTER VII. The youth cringed as if discovered at a crime. By heavens, they had won after all. The imbecile line had remained and become victors. He could hear cheering.

He lifted himself upon his toes and looked in the direction of the fight. A yellow fog lay wallowing on the tree tops. From beneath it came the clatter of musketry. Hoarse cries told of

an advance. He turned away, amazed and angry. He felt that he had been wronged. He went from the field into a thick woods as if resolved to bury himself. He wished to get out of hearing of the crackling shots which were to him like

He went far, seeking dark and intri-

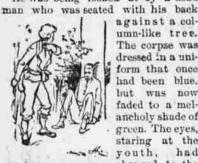
After a time the sound of musketry grew faint and the cannon boomed in the distance. The sun, suddenly apparent, blazed among the trees. A woodpecker stuck his impudent head around the side of a tree, A bird flew on light-hearted wing.
Off, was the rumble of death. It

seemed now that nature had no ears. He went again into the deep thickets. The brushed branches made a noise that drowned the sounds of cannons. He walked on, going from obscurity into promises of a greater obscurity.

At length he reached a place-where

the high, arching boughs made a chapel. He softly pushed the green doors aside and entered. Pine needles were a gentle brown carpet. There was a religious half-light.

Near the threshold, he stopped hor ror-stricken at the sight of a thing. He was being tooked at by a dead



umn-like tree. The corpse was dressed in a uniform that once had been blue but was nov faded to a melancholy shade of green. The eyes, staring at the youth, had HE STOPPED HORROR- changed to the

against a col

STRICKEN. dull hue to be seen on the side of a dead fish. The mouth was opened. Its red had changed to an appalling yellow. Over the gray skin of the face ran little ants. One was trundling some sort of a bundle along the upper lip.

The youth gave a shrick as he confronted the thing. He was, for moments, turned to stone, before it. He remained staring into the liquid-looking eyes. The dead man and the living man exchanged a long look. Then the youth cautiously put one hand behind him and brought it against a tree. Leaning upon this, he retreated, step by step, with his face still toward the thing. He feared, that if he turned his back, the body might spring up and stealthily pursue him.

The branches, pushing against him, threatened to throw him over it. His unguided feet, too, caught aggravatingly in brambles. And, with it all, he received a subtle suggestion to touch the corpse. As he thought of his hand upon it, he shuddered profoundly.

At last he burst the bounds which had fastened him to the spot and fled, unheeding the underbrush. He was pursued by a sight of the black ants swarming greedily upon the gray face and venturing near to the eyes.

After a time he paused, and, breathless and panting, listened. He imagined some strange voice would come from the dead throat and squawk after him in horrible menaces.

The trees about the portal of the chapel moved slightly in a soft wind. A sad silence was upon the little guarding edifice.

CHAPTER VIII.

The trees began softly to sing a hymn of twilight. The burnished sun sank until slanted bronze rays struck the forest. There was a lull in the noises of insects as if they had bowed their beaks and were making a devotional pause. There was silence save for the chanted chorus of the

Then, upon this stillness, there suddenly broke a tremendous clangor of sounds. A crimson roar came from the distance.

The youth stopped. He was transfixed by this terrific medley of all It was as if worlds were being rended. There was the rippling sound of musketry and the creaking crash of the artillery.

His mind flew in all directions. He conceived the two armies to be at each other panther-fashion. He listened for a time. Then he began to run in the direction of the battle. He saw that it was an ironical thing for him to be running thus toward that which he had been at such pains to avoid. But he said, in substance, to himself that if the earth and moon were about to clash, many persons would doubtless plan to get upon roofs to witness the

As he ran, he became aware that the forest had stopped its music, as if at last becoming capable of hearing the foreign sounds. The trees hushed and stood motionless. Everything seemed to be listening to the crackle and clatter and ear-shaking thunder. The chorus pealed over the still earth.

It suddenly occurred to the youth that the fight in which he had been, was, after all, but perfunctory popping. In the hearing of this present din, he was doubtful if he had seen real battle-scenes. This uproar explained a celestial battle; it was tumbling hordes a-struggle in the air. He went rapidly on. He wished to come to the edge of the forest that he might peer out.

As he hastened, there passed through his mind pictures of stupendous conflicts. His accumulated thoughts upon such subjects were used to form scenes. The noise was as the voice of an elo-

quent being, describing.

Presently he was where he could see long gray walls of vapor. There could be seen a certain stiffness where lay battle lines. The voices of in the movements of his body, as if he cannon shook him. The musketry were taking infinite care not to arouse dier began to heave with a strained sounded in long irregular surges that the passions of his wounds. As he motion. It increased in violence until

played havor with his ears. He stood regardent for a moment. His eyes had an awe-struck expression. He gawked grave. in the direction of the fight.

Presently he proceeded again on his forward way. The battle was like the grinding of an immense and terrible machine to him. Its complexities and powers, its grim processes, fascinated him. He must go close and see it produce corpses.

He came finally to a road from which he could see in the distance dark and agitated bodies of troops, smokefringed. In the lane was a bloodstained crowd streaming to the rear. The wounded men were cursing, groaning and wailing. In the air, always, was a mighty swell of sound that it seemed could sway the earth. With the courageous words of the artillery and the spiteful sentences of the musketry were mingled red cheers. And from this region of noises came the steady current of the maimed.

One of the wounded men had a shoeful of blood. He hopped like a schoolboy in a game. He was laughing hysterically.

One was swearing that he had been shot in the arm through the commanding general's mismanagement of the army.

Another had the gray seal of death already upon his face. His lips were curled in hard lines and his teeth were clenched. His hands were bloody from where he had pressed them upon his wound. He seemed to be awaiting the moment when he should pitch headlong. He stalked like the specter of a soldier, his eyes burning with the nower of a stare into the unknown.

There were some who proceeded sullenly, full of anger at their wounds and ready to turn upon anything as an obscure cause.

The youth joined the crowd and marched along with it. The torn bodies expressed the awful machinery in which the men had been entangled.

Orderlies and couriers occasionally broke through the throng in the roadway, scattering wounded men right and left, galloping on, followed by howls. The melancholy march was continually disturbed by the messengers and sometimes by bustling batteries that came swinging and thumping down upon them, the officers shouting orders to clear the way.

There was a tattered man, fouled with dust, blood and powder stain from hair to shoes, who trudged quietly at the youth's side. He was listening with eagerness and much humility to the lurid descriptions of a bearded sergeant. His lean features wore an expression of awe and admiration. He was like a listener in a country store to wondrous tales told among the sugar barrels. He eyed the story-teller with unspeakable wonder. His mouth was a-gap in yokel fashion.

The sergeant taking note of this gave pause to his elaborate history while & administered a sardonic comment. "Be careful, honey, you'll be catching flies,' he said.

The tattered man shrank back abashed.

After a time he began to sidle near to the youth and in a diffident way tried to make him a friend. His voice was gentle as a girl's voice and his eyes were pleading. The youth saw with surprise that the soldier had two wounds, one in the head, bound with a blood-soaked rag and the other in the arm, making that member dangle like a broken bough

After they had walked together for some time, the tattered man mustered sufficient courage to speak. "Was pretty good fight, wasn't it?" he timidly said. The youth, deep in thought glanced up at the bloody and grim figure with its lamb like eyes. "What?" "Was pretty good fight, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the youth, shortly. He quickened his pace.

But the other hobbled industriously after him.

"Was pretty good fight, wasn't it?" he persisted, in a small voice. And then he achieved the fortitude to continue: "Dern me, if I ever see fellers fight so. Laws, how they did fight. I knew the boys would lick when they once got square at it. The boys ain't had no fair chance up to now, but, this time, they showed what they was. I knew it would turn out this way. You can't lick them boys. No sir. They're fighters, they be."

He breathed a deep breath of humble admiration.

His homely face was suffused with a light of love for the army which was to him all things beautiful and power-

After a time, he turned to the youth. "Where you hit, old boy?" he asked in

a brotherly tone. The youth felt instant panic at this question, although at first its full im-

port was not borne in upon him. "What?" he asked. "Where you hit?" repeated the tat-

tered man. "Why?" began the youth. "I-Ithat is why -I -"

He turned away suddenly and slid through the crowd. His brow was heavily flushed, and his fingers were pick-He bended his head and fastened his mystic place of his intentions. "No, it were a little problem.

The tattered man looked after him in astonishment.

CHAPTER IX.

The youth fell back in the procession until the tattered soldier was not in sight. Then he started to walk on

with others. But he was amid wounds. The mob of men was bleeding. Because of the tattered soldier's question, he now felt that his shame could be viewed. He was continually casting side-long glances to see if the men were contemplating the letters of guilt he felt

burned into his brow. At times he regarded the wounded soldiers in an envious way. He conceived persons with torn bodies to be peculiarly happy. He wished that he, too, had a wound-a little red badge of courage.

The spectral soldier was at his side like a stalking reproach. The man's eyes were still fixed in a stare into the unknown. His gray, appalling face had attracted attention in the crowd, and men, slowing to his dreary pace, were walking with him. They were discussing his plight, questioning him and giving him advice. In a dogged way he repelled them, signing to them

to go on and leave him alone. The shadows of his face were deepening and his tight lips seemed holding in check the moan of great despair. There could be seen a certain stiffness

a place, like one who goes to choose a

Something in the gesture of the man as he waved the bloody and pitying soldiers away made the youth start as if bitten. He yelled in horror. Tot-tering forward, he laid a quivering hand upon the man's arm. As the latter slowly turned his wax-like features toward him the youth screamed: "Gawd! Jim Conklin!"

The tall soldier made a little commonplace smile. "Hello, Flem!" he said. The youth swayed on his legs and

glared strangely. He stuttered and stammered. 9 "Oh, Jim-oh, Jim-oh, Jist." dier held out his gory hand.

blood and old blood upon it. been, Flem?" he LIN!

tinued in a monotonous voice. "I thought maybe you got keeled over. There's been thunder to pay to-day. I was worrying about it a good deal." The youth still lamented, "Oh, Jim

Where yeh

-oh, Jim-oh, Jim." "Yeh know," said the tall soldier, "I was out there." He made a careful gesture. "An', Lord, what a circus. And, b' jiminy, I got shot—I got shot. Yes, b' jiminy—I got shot." He reiter-

if he did not know how it came about. a phillipic. The youth put forth anxious arms to assist him, but the tall soldier went firmly on as if propelled. Since the youth's arrival as a guardian for his friend, the other wounded men had ceased to display much interest. They occupied themselves again in dragging

their tragedies toward the rear. Suddenly, as the two friends marched on, the tall soldier seemed to be overcome by a terror. His face turned to a semblance of gray paste. He clutched the youth's arm and looked all about him, as if dreading to be overheard. Then he began to speak in a shaking

"I tell yeh what I'm 'fraid of, Flem -I'll tell yeh what I'm 'fraid of. I'm 'fraid I'll fall down-an' then yeh know -them damned artillery wagons-they like as not 'll run over me. That's what I'm 'fraid of."

The youth cried out to him hysterically: "I'll take care of yeh, Jim. I'll take care of yeh. I swear to Gawd I "Sure-will yeh, Flem?" the tall sol-

dier beseeched. "Yes, yes, I tell yeh-I'll take care of yeh, Jim," protested the youth. He could not speak accurately because of

the gulping in his throat. However, the tall soldier seemed suddenly to forget all those fears. He became again the grim, stalking specter of a soldier. He went stonily forward. The youth wished his friend to lean upon him, but the other always shook his head and strangely protested: "No -no-leave me be-leave me be-"

His look was fixed again upon the unknown. He moved with mysterious prose. And all of the youth's offer he brushed aside. "No-no-leave me be-leave me be-"

The youth had to follow.

Presently the latter heard a voice talking softly near his shoulder. Turning, he saw that it belonged to the

wrench himself free: "Huh," he said, vacantly. He stared at the youth for

a moment. At last he spoke as if dimly comprehending: "Oh, inteh th' fields? Oh." He started blindly through the grass. The youth turned once to look at the

lashing riders and bounging guns of the battery. He was startled from his view by a shrill outery from the tattered man. "Gawd. He's runnin'."

Turning his head swiftly, the youth saw his friend running in a staggering and stumbling way toward a little clump of bushes. He and the tattered man began a parsuit. There was a singular race.

When he overtook the tall soldier, he began to plead with all the words he could find. "Jim-Jim-what are you doing-what makes you do this way-

you'll hurt yourself." The same purpose was in the tall soldier's face. He protested in a dulled ing nervously at one of his buttons. way, keeping his eyes fastened on the eyes studiously upon the button as if no-don't tech me-leave me be-leave

me be." The youth, aghast and filled with wonder at the tall soldier, began qua-veringly to question him. "Where yeh goin', Jim? What you thinking about? Where you going? Tell me, won't you, Jim?" The tall soldier faced about as apon relentless pursuers. In his eyes there was a great appeal. "Leave me be, can't yeh? Leave me be fer a min-

The youth recoiled. "Why, Jim," he said, in a dazed way, "what's the mat-

ier with von?" The tall soldier turned and, lurching langerously, went on. The youth and the tattered soldier followed, sneaking ts if whipped, feeling unable to face the stricken man if he should again confront them. They began to have thoughts of a solemn ceremony. There was something rite-like in these movenents of the doomed soldier. They could not understand; they were awed and afraid. They hung back, lest he

have at command a dreadful weapon. At last, they saw him stop and stand motionless. Hastening up, they perseived that his face wore an expression telling that he had at last found the place for which he had struggled. His spare figure was erect; his bloody hands were quietly at his sides. He was waiting with patience for something that he had come to meet. He was at the rendezvous. They paused,

and stood expectant. There was a silence. Finally the chest of the doomed sol-

went on he seemed always looking for it was as if an animal was within and was kicking and tumbling furiously to

> be free. This spectacle made the youth writhe. He raised his voice in a last supreme call: "Jim! Jim! Jim!"

The tall soldier opened his lips and spoke. He made a gesture. "Leave me be-don't tech me-leave me be-" There was another silence, while he waited.

Suddenly his form stiffened and straightened. Then it was shaken by a prolonged ague. He stared into space. To the two watchers there was a curious and profound dignity in the firm lines of his awful face. He was invaded by a creeping strangeness that slowly enveloped him.

His tall figure stretched itself to its The tall sol- full height. There was a slight rending sound. Then it began to swing forward, slow and straight, in the manner There was a cu-rious red and contortion made the left shoulder strike black combina- the ground first. tion of new The body seemed to bounce a little

way from the earth. "God," said the tattered soldier. The youth had watched spell-bound, this ceremony at the place of meeting. "GAWD! JIM CONK- asked. He con- His face had been twisted into an ex-Contains the largest amount of

pression of every agony he had imagined for his friend. He now sprang to his feet and, going closer, gazed upon the paste-like face. The mouth was open and the teeth showed in a laugh.

As the flap of the blue jacket fel. away from the body he could see that the side looked as if it had been chewed by wolves. The youth turned, with sudden, livid

rage, toward the battlefield. He shook ated this fact in a bewildered way as his fist. He seemed about to deliver The red sun was pasted in the sky

like a flerce wafer.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"Lord knows," cried the youth. He was shaking his hands helplessly.

He ran forward, presently, and grasped the tall soldier by the arm. "Jim, Jim," he coaxed, "come with me."

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For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m., For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a.m., 12.45 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.05 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

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For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

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at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

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Nov. 18, 1894.

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Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.48 a.m., 12.06 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.39 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.39, 8.59 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 2.31 p.m.
For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.98 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.98, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.
Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Suspension

Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Suspensi Philadelphia, Bunaio, and Suspensio Bridge. ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. CHAS S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila, P. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

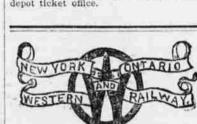
Del., Lack. and Western. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Ex-press for New York and all points East, 1.49, 2.59, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50

p.m. Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadel-phia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m. Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m. Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m. Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p.m. Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.25 a.m. and 1.24 p.m. making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m. Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m. Nicholson accommodation, at 5.15 p.m. Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.

p.m. Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a.m. and

Utlea and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.
Ithaca, 2.35 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.
For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at North-umberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.
Northumberland and intermediate stations, 5.09, 9.55 a.m. and 1.39 and 6.07 p.m.
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.68 and 11.29 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.
Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 225 tackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.



SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

Stations

South Bound.

202 204 206

North Bound.

205 203 201

(Trains Daily, West 42nd St Weehawken Arrive Leave Hancock June.
Hancock
Starflight
Preston Park
Como
Poyntelle
Belmont
Pleasant Mt.
Uniondale 751 12.46 745 12.40 7785 12.25 738 12.25 739 12.18 719 f1159 768 11.49 651 11.31 9.15 648 f1130 9.12 f643 11.13 8.57 635 f11.15 8.57 632 f11.15 8.57 632 f11.05 8.41 629 11.10 8.85 631 f11.05 8.41 619 11.03 8.89 614 11.00 8.35 613 f1057 8.83 613 f1057 8.83 613 f1057 8.83 610 10.55 8.83 Forset City Carbondale White Bridge Mayfield Jermyn Archibald Winton
Peckville
Olyphant
Dickson
Throop
Providence
Park Place

All trains run daily except Sunday. f. signifies that trains stop on signal for pagsengers.
Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.
T. Flitcroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scrantou, Pa.

Erie and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie rational at 6.25 a.m. and 324 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35 8.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.41 p.m.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FROTHINGHAM NIGHT. | WED. DEC. 5. NIGHT

GEORGE LEAROCK, in His Own Ver-sion of the Poetic Flay.

Supported by an Efficient Company. Seven Special Sets of Scenery Elaborate Electric Effects

The Weird Brocken Scene. _. The Rain of Fire This is the most complete production of "Faust" in America today.
Sale of seats Monday, Dec. 3. Regular prices

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5.

THE TWO JOHNS COMEDY COMPANY

INTRODUCING JOHN C. STEWART AND JOHN HART. THE TWO ORIGINALS.

Have Rounited After a Separation of Many Years.

BIGGER, BRIGHTER, BETTER THAN EVER. Sale of seats opens Monday, Dec. 3.

THE FROTHINGHAM NIGHTS DEC. 6. PINE

THE NOMINEE Direction of GUSTAVE FROHMAN. All aughter. A Lesson for Husbands. A Pointer or Wives. Diagram open Tuesday. Regular prices.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. FRIDAY, DEC. 7.

WILLIAM CALDER'S COMPANY In Sutton Vane's Realistic Dram

STRONG CAST!
NEW MECHANISM!
NEW EFFECTS! A GREAT NOVELTY,

Sale of seats opens Wednesday, Dec. 5. ACADEMY OF MUSIC

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

WILLIAM COLLIER The Quaint Comedian, in the New Comedy

By EDWARD E. KIDDER,

Author of "Peaceful Valley," "A Poor Rela-tion," etc. A story of human interest, filled with merry moments. Under the manage-ment of W. G. Smyth. Sale of seats opens Thursday, Dec. 6.

DAVIS' THEATER Thursday, Friday and Saturday, After-

Everything New. THE-GREATEST OF ALL IRISH PICTURESQUE PLAYS. Produced with its Original New York Cast, New Elaborate Scenery, Mechanical Effects and Properties.

NEW MUSIC, NEW SONGS, NEW DANCES.
A GENUINE IRISH BAG PIPE PLAYER. nounced by the Press and Public THE BEST IRISH DRAMA ever written. ADMISSION, 10, 20 OR 30 CENTS



OUR GLOVE Come in pairs, but you can't pair them with anything else in Scranton. Our \$1.75 Gloves beats

the world.

CONRAD. 305 CLEARING SALE OF BICYCLES

2 Victor A Bicycles, Solid Tire, second-

1 Victor C Bicycle, 11/2 in. cushion Tire, second-hand.... second-hand.

1 Victor B Bicycle, 1½ in. Cushion Tire, second-hand.

1 Columbian '2: Bicycle, Pneumatic Tire, 1 Chainless Bicycle, Pneumatic Tire, nearly new..... Come Early for Bargains.

Lawn Tennis Racquets at a dis-count of one-third for two weeks.

J. D. WILLIAMS & BRO. 314 LACKAWANNA AVE.

The management of this bank points with pride to its record during the panic of 1893, and previous panics, when spec-ial facilities were extended to its business